

FIRST *Fürshlugginer* ISSUE!

THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS A...

PANIC



NO. 1
MAR



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CANADA

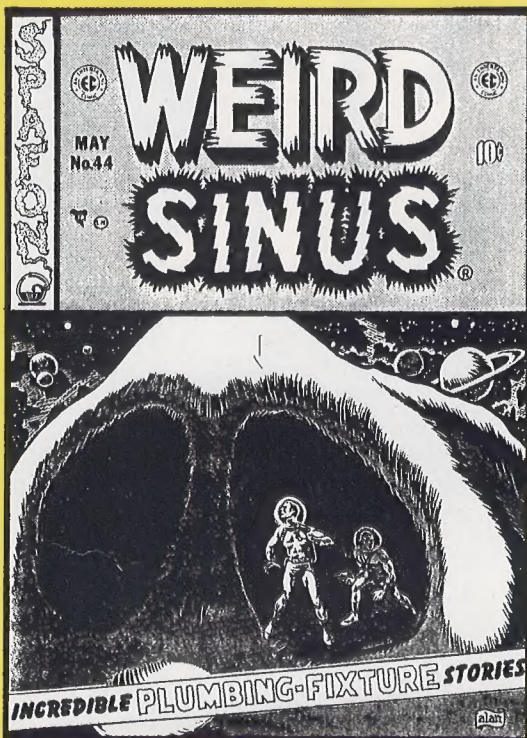


A.FELO

HUMOR IN A VARIETIE OF VEHICLES

His lush pencils will be difficult to shoot for this page, but our hats are off to David Giles, Montreuil, FRANCE, for this stunning portrait of stunned me! And, you'll note my hat is off! So, here I stand, head in hand. Turn your face to the wall, and commence reading THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF...

FINE ARTS #50



An EC cover parody from the musty archives of Alan Hutchinson, St. Petersburg, FL. Done 20 years ago, but only appreciated now! Puts me in mind of the aborted EC/DC crossover book, KRYPTO TERROR! -CK

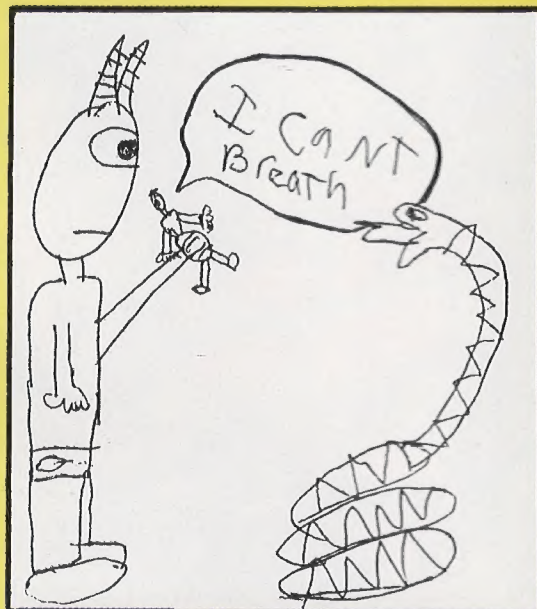
I wrote this poem in the heat of a mid-western August, believe it or not!

NUCLEAR WINTER

Cold, the wind in my face whirls
Cold, the snow at my feet swirls
Cold, as the grave.
I wander these deserted streets under grey skies.
I wander these frozen wastes where no future lies.
This world, once so green, now my tomb.
This world, once my womb, now obscene in
its devastation.
How many more wander as I,
now nameless, now homeless
watching the sky.

Barry McCollum

Alton, IL



Where will I not go on my winter vacation? To "The Giant Cyclops World," at least if it's like Adam Rothra, Phoenix, AZ, depicts it. It's clear they like to put the squeeze on tourists! Rothra—is that a wroth Mothral! -CK

Send your contribs (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible double-spaced text &/or bold black art. Warning...we edit) to:

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF FINE ARTS

GEMSTONE
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

We welcome contributions. We cannot promise to return, acknowledge or publish contributions. We edit for clarity, accuracy and size. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication, to do so we need your address on the individual contribution.

SEX AND SADISM DEPT.: PRIVATE-EYE DIV.: THE PAPERS SAY I'M A KILL-CRAZY SHAMUS. WELL, MAYBE I AM. DO YOU THINK I LIKE THE RATS THAT PREY ON THE GOOD PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN? DO YOU THINK I LIKE THE KILLERS THAT CRAWL OUT THROUGH LOOP-HOLES IN THE LAW? DO YOU THINK I LIKE THE DREGS OF HUMANITY THAT SIT LIKE PARASITES UPON THE BACK OF SOCIETY AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CRAWLING STUMBLING MACHINE CALLED JUSTICE? DO YOU? WELL, YOU'RE DARN RIGHT I LIKE 'EM! 'CAUSE IF IT WEREN'T FOR THEM, I'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS. ME? I'M MIKE HAMMERSHLAMMER. I'M A PRIVATE EYE. I TRACK DOWN THOSE RATS, THOSE KILLERS, THOSE DREGS...AND I SHOOT! I SHOOT TO KILL! I DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH TIME-WASTING COURTROOM TRIALS! INSTEAD...

My Gun Is The Jury!

By MELVIE SPLANE

JACK
DAVIS

POT CHAMBER, CAPTAIN OF HOMICIDE, LOOKED UP AS I SAUNTERED DAPPERLY THROUGH THE DOOR...

HE'S DEAD, MIKE! THE KILLER CARVED THE NOSE OFF A .45 AND FIRED LOW. THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT OF HIM BELOW THE NAVEL. KNOW HIM?

HE POLISHED MY CAR ONCE. HE WAS A GOOD KID. I LIKED HIM. FROM NOW ON, IT'S A RACE, POT. I WANT THAT KILLER FOR MYSELF!



I LOOKED DOWN AT WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE KID...

YOU MEAN YOU'RE DEALING YOURSELF IN, MIKE?

THAT'S RIGHT, POT. LISTEN... ER... WHATEVER YOUR NAME WAS. I'M GOING TO GET THE GUY THAT DID THIS. I SWEAR IT! AND HE WON'T SIT IN THE HOT SEAT... HE WON'T HANG...

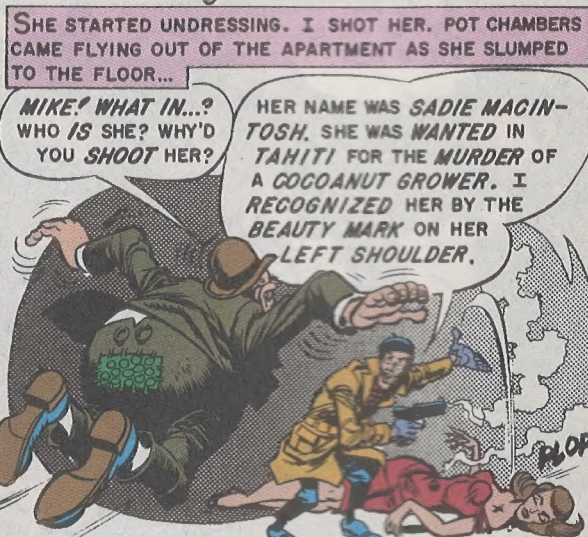
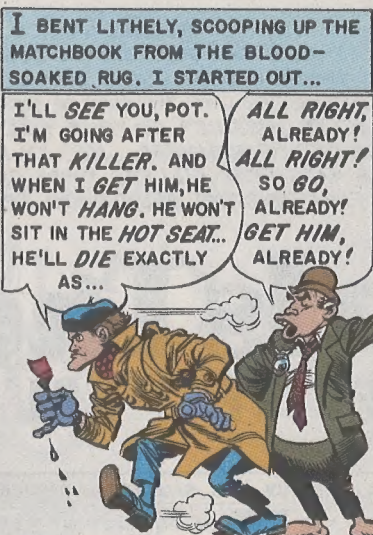


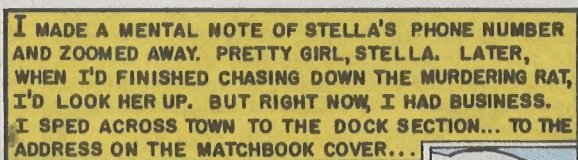
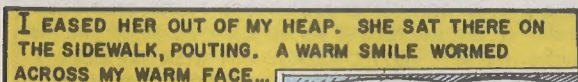
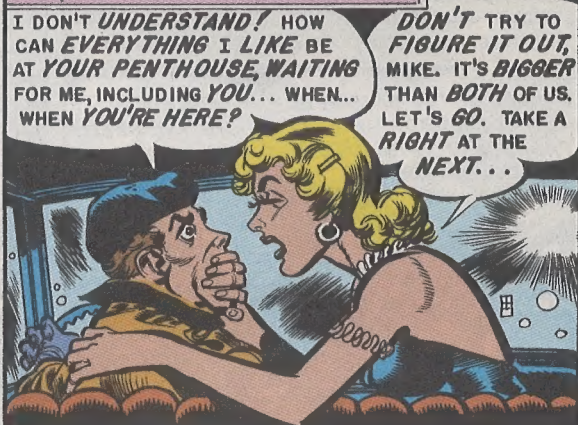
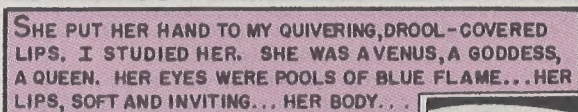
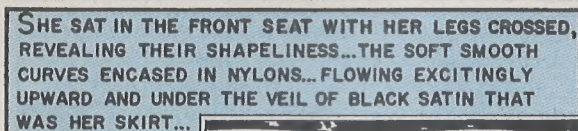
A TWISTED SMILE TWISTED ACROSS MY TWISTED FACE...

HE'LL DIE EXACTLY AS YOU DIED. WITH A SAWED-OFF .88 SLUG IN THE GUT A LITTLE BELOW THE BELLY-BUTTON. A DUM-DUM THAT GOES IN CLEAN AND COMES OUT LIKE A FLYING SAUCER LEAVIN' A HOLE SO BIG, YOU CAN PUT YOUR FIST THROUGH...

PLEASE, MIKE. YOU MAKE ME SICK!







I FLASHED MY P.I. CARD AT THE FLAT-FOOT AND HIS EYES POPPED...

YOU'RE MIKE HAMMER-SHLAMMER...? THE KILL-CRAZY PRIVATE-EYE...? YOU? YOU'RE HIM? YOU?

YEAH! THAT'S ME! NOW, DO I PARK?



OF COURSE, MR. HAMMER-SHLAMMER. OF COURSE! GO RIGHT AHEAD. OF COURSE! PARK RIGHT THERE. OF COURSE.

THANKS.

NO PARKING



I EASED OUT OF MY HEAP, PASSED THE OGGLING BEAT-POUNDER, AND PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR OF THE GIN MILL...



THE JOINT WAS JAMMED WITH TOUGH-LOOKING MUGS WHO WOULD SLIT THEIR OWN MOTHERS' THROATS IF THE PRICE WAS RIGHT. ALL EYES FOLLOWED ME AS I GLIDED AGILELY ACROSS THE SAWDUST-COVERED FLOOR TO THE BAR AND TOSSED THE MATCHBOOK DOWN UPON ITS STICKY SMELLY SURFACE...

I WONDER IF YOU COULD TELL ME, IF IT ISN'T TOO MUCH TROUBLE, IF THIS MATCH-BOX COMES FROM YOUR PLAGE?

HEY, BOYS! DIG THE SWELL! HE WANTS INFO!



I GRABBED THE SLOPPY-LOOKING WHISKEY SLINGER BY HIS GRIMY COLLAR AND PULLED HIS FACE DOWN TO THE MUZZLE OF THE .45 I'D WHIPPED FROM MY SHOULDER HOLSTER...

PLEASE, LET'S NOT MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT. JUST SPEAK INTO THE MICROPHONE!

TAKE HIM, BOYS.



I CAUGHT THE REFLECTION OF A MOVEMENT BEHIND ME IN THE BAR MIRROR AND MOVED QUICKLY ENOUGH SO THAT THE KNIFE SKIMMED PAST MY EAR AND BURIED ITS SEVEN INCH BLADE IN THE BARTENDER'S HEAD.

SORRY! YOU MISSED, DEAD-EYE...



THE BIG MUGG BEHIND ME JUST STOOD THERE, STUPIDLY, STARING AT THE BARTENDER AS HE SLUMPED OVER THE BAR HEAVING HIS GUTS OUT. I LASHED OUT WITH THE MUZZLE OF MY .45, CATCHING THE BIG MUGG ACROSS THE MOUTH, KNOCKING HIS TEETH DOWN HIS THROAT AND SPLITTING HIS LIPS OPEN SO HE DROOLED CLARET...

NOBODY TRIES THAT ON MIKE HAMMER-SHLAMMER!



I LOOKED AROUND. THE PLACE WAS EMPTY. THE TOUGHIES HAD TAKEN A POWDER. SURE. THEY'RE ALL LIKE THAT. SHOW 'EM A LITTLE BLOOD AND THEY RUN LIKE SCARED RABBITS. I WENT THROUGH THE BIG MUGG'S POCKETS AS HE LAY THERE GURLING...

HMMM! A CHANCE ON A BICYCLE. AN OLD FISH-HOOK AND SOME STRING. A MARBLE. A DEAD FROG. A...GOOD LORD!



I POKETED WHAT I'D FOUND AND LEFT. I CROSSED THE SIDEWALK TO MY HEAP. THE *PARKING TICKET* HUNG ON THE *WINDSHIELD*...



WHY, THE DIRTY...

HELLO, BIG BOY!

I POKETED THE PARKING TICKET, CURSING THE FLAT-FOOT SOFTLY TO MYSELF, AND TURNED. SHE HIPPED OVER TO ME FROM THE SHADOWS, HER DRESS CLINGING TO HER BODY AS IF IT WERE SOAKING WET. ACTUALLY, IT WAS WET. IT'S DAMP DOWN BY THE DOCKS...



I SAW WHAT YOU DID, HANDSOME. YOU'RE A REAL MAN. I GO FOR REAL MEN.

I'M BUSY, SISTER. BEAT IT!

SHE SLID HER ARMS AROUND ME, SNAKING UP REAL CLOSE. SHE GRINNED EVILY...



MAKE ME... BEAT IT!

YOU...

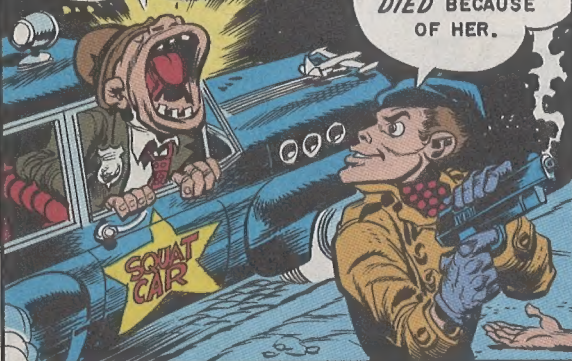
I EASED MY GUN OUT OF MY POCKET, SNAPPED OFF THE SAFETY, PULLED BACK THE HAMMER, AND PRESSED THE TRIGGER. SHE LOOKED REAL SURPRISED AS THE BULLET TORE THROUGH HER CHEST AND SHE SLID TO THE WET PAVEMENT...



POT CHAMBER SCREAMED UP IN A SQUAD CAR...

WE GOT A CALL THAT THERE WAS A BRAWL HERE, MIKE. I FIGURED IT WAS YOU, I...I... AYE, YI, YI! ANOTHER ONE...

HER NAME WAS MILDRED MUCKLE. SHE WAS A DOPE-PUSHER. A KID DIED BECAUSE OF HER.



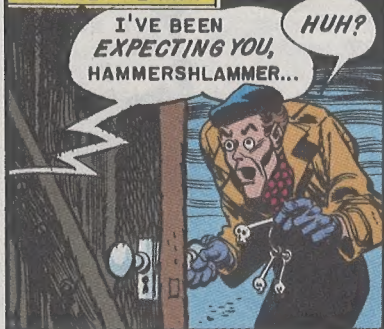
I GRINNED A TWISTED GRIN AT DEAD MILDRED...

THE KID'S FATHER WAS MY FRIEND. HE SOLD ME A NEWSPAPER ONCE! I SWORE I'D GET HER FOR HIM. SORRY, MILDRED! YOU MADE A BIG MISTAKE HUGGING ME. I FELT THOSE 'H' CAPSULES IN YOUR MONEY BELT...

WE IDENTIFIED THE MURDER VICTIM, MIKE. HIS NAME WAS IRVING SNODGRASS. YOU WERE RIGHT. HE WAS A CAR-POLISHER.



THINGS STARTED TO MAKE SENSE. I LEFT POT AND DEAD MILDRED AND THE MORGUE BOYS, AND I NOSED MY HEAP BACK ACROSS TOWN TO THE ACME GARAGE. THE PLACE WAS LOCKED UP TIGHTER THAN A DRUM. THE THIRD SKELETON KEY ON MY RING LET ME IN...



I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, HAMMERSHLAMMER...

HUH?

IT WAS THE BIG MUGG FROM THE GIN MILL. HIS MOUTH WAS ALL BANDAGED. HE HELD A ROD IN HIS BIG UGLY PAWS...



I FIGURED YOU'D SHOW UP HERE AFTER I CAME TO AND FOUND YOU'D FRISKED ME. C'MON! GIMME BACK WHAT YOU TOOK...

YOU MEAN THIS...?

HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM. I MOVED TOO FAST. MY .45 WAS OUT AND BARKING BEFORE HE COULD BLINK. I WIPED HIS EVIL GRIN RIGHT OFF HIS FACE...



NO... NOT THAT... CHOKE... GLUGG... THE OTHER THING... NG... NG... G-G...

THE BULLET HAD GONE CLEAN THROUGH HIS HEAD AND SLAMMED INTO A METAL DRUM. THE LIQUID IN THE DRUM POURED OUT OVER HIM, MIXING WITH THE BLOOD... A BLACK SHINY LIQUID... MIXING WITH THE SCARLET OOZE...



HE DESERVED IT, MIKE!

EH?

I SPUN AROUND. SHE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY TO THE OFFICE, SMILING. SHE CAME TOWARD ME, HER ARMS EXTENDED, HER SUPPLE BODY UNDULATING UNDER THE TIGHT DRESS...



NOW THE *WHOLE SHOW* CAN BE OURS, MIKE. ALL OURS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET RID OF THE *BIG WHEEL*... THE *TOP BRASS*... THE HEAD OF THE RACKET. THERE'D BE *NOBODY LEFT*...

WHAT ABOUT YOU, HONEY?

SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND ME, PRESSING HER SOFT LIPS AGAINST MINE...



ME, MIKE? I'M YOURS! TOGETHER, WE'LL RUN THE SHOW... WE'LL...

SORRY, BABY...

POT CAME IN AS SHE SLID TO THE CONCRETE BESIDE THE BIG MUGG, HER FACE FROZEN IN A DEATH MASK, THE BULLET FROM MY .45 IN HER HEART...



THE MURDER VICTIM *WORKED* HERE AS A CAR-POLISHER. HE... HE... *HEE-HEE! MIKE! ANOTHER ONE?*

HER NAME WAS *EMMA GRETSLE*. HER *HUSBAND* WAS AN *ARTIST*. HE WAS MY *FRIEND*. HE LENT ME SOME *LINSEED OIL* ONCE. SHE *POISONED* HIM. I SWORE I'D *GET HER!*

ALL OF THE PIECES WERE BEGINNING TO FIT. THERE WAS ONLY ONE PIECE LEFT. THE KILLER. I LEFT POT AND DEAD EMMA AND THE MORGUE BOYS AND PHONED UP STELLA...



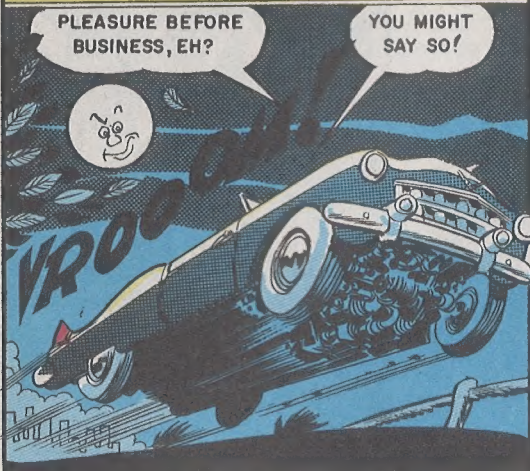
I COULD HEAR HER LITTLE SQUEAL OF JOY. THEN SHE WHISPERED...



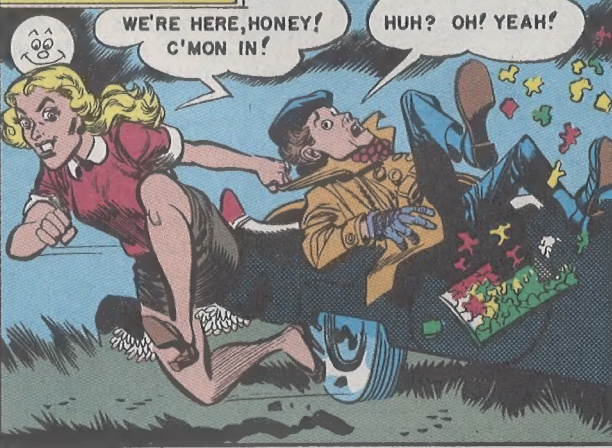
STELLA'S BIG BLACK CONVERTIBLE EASED UP TO THE CURB, AND I GOT IN. SHE LOOKED AT ME HUNGRILY...



STELLA GUIDED HER SLEEK CADDY OUT OF TOWN AND ALONG THE CONCRETE HIGHWAY...



ALL THE WAY UPSTATE I KEPT TRYING TO FIT THAT LAST PIECE INTO THE JIG SAW. STELLA NUGGED ME, SHOCKING ME OUT OF MY REVERIE...



SHE MOVED AROUND THE CABIN, LIGHTING CANDLES, FLUFFING UP THE BEARSKIN RUG, MAKING EVERYTHING VERY ROMANTIC. I TRIED CONCENTRATING ON HER, BUT I KEPT THINKING ABOUT POOR DEAD IRVING...



I LOOKED DOWN AT THE AMBER LIQUID IN THE GLASS. AND THEN I THOUGHT OF THE BLACK LIQUID POURING FROM THE DRUM, MIXING WITH THE BIG MUGG'S BLOOD. AND THEN I THOUGHT OF SADIE, AND MILDRED, AND EMMA...



I GOT UP AND SAUNTERED OVER TO THE CABIN WINDOW AND LOOKED OUT AT STELLA'S BLACK CADDY PARKED IN THE MOONLIGHT...

O'MON, MIKE! DRINK UP! LET'S LIVE IT UP A BIT!

SURE, BABY! SURE! I...I...



THE MOONLIGHT PLAYED TRICKS ON THE CAR. PART OF IT WAS SHINY. PART OF IT...PART OF IT...I SNIFFED. AND THEN, SUDDENLY EVERYTHING MADE SENSE. I SPUN AROUND. STELLA WAS BEHIND ME. SHE WAS TAKING OFF HER CLOTHES...

COME GET ME, MIKE...BUT DRINK UP FIRST!

YEAH, STELLA...



I SPLASHED THE DRINK ACROSS STELLA'S FACE...

YOU WANT ME TO DRINK UP THIS POISON, EH, STELLA?

MIKE!?



I PULLED MY GUN...

I GET IT NOW, STELLA. YOU WERE RUNNING A *STOLEN CAR RACKET*... SHIPPING THEM TO *TAHITI*. THAT'S WHERE *SADIE* CAME IN! AND *EMMA* SUPPLIED THE *PAINT FORMULA* THAT HER *HUSBAND* HAD *INVENTED*, SO YOU COULD *REPAINT* THE CARS. ONLY YOU WEREN'T *SATISFIED*. YOU HAD TO *SMUGGLE DOPE* ALONG WITH THEM. THAT WAS *MILDRED'S* PART. THE *BIG MUGG* TIPPED ME OFF TO THAT WHEN I FOUND THIS *LUBRICATION STICKER* IN HIS POCKET WITH THE PACKET OF 'H' STUCK TO THE *GLUED SIDE*...



STELLA MOVED, BUT I MOVED FASTER. I LET HER HAVE IT, RIGHT IN THE GUT, A LITTLE BELOW THE BELLY-BUTTON...



I STOOD OVER STELLA, GRINNING MY TWISTED GRIN...

IRVING FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR RACKET WHILE HE WAS POLISHING THAT *CADDY* OUT THERE...SO YOU *KILLED* HIM. *BEAUTIFUL* STELLA! YOU THOUGHT I'D *FALL* FOR YOU AND *KNOCK MYSELF OFF*.



I LOOKED DOWN. STELLA'S BLOUSE FELL AWAY. I GASPED...

GOOD LORD!



STELLA WAS A MAN...

AND WHEN I SAW STELLA'S MANLY PHYSIQUE, I STARTED TO CRY...

STELLA! DON'T DIE! DON'T DIE! WE'LL HAVE THE *WHOLE SHOW*...JUST THE *TWO* OF US. STELLA...DON'T...STELLA...



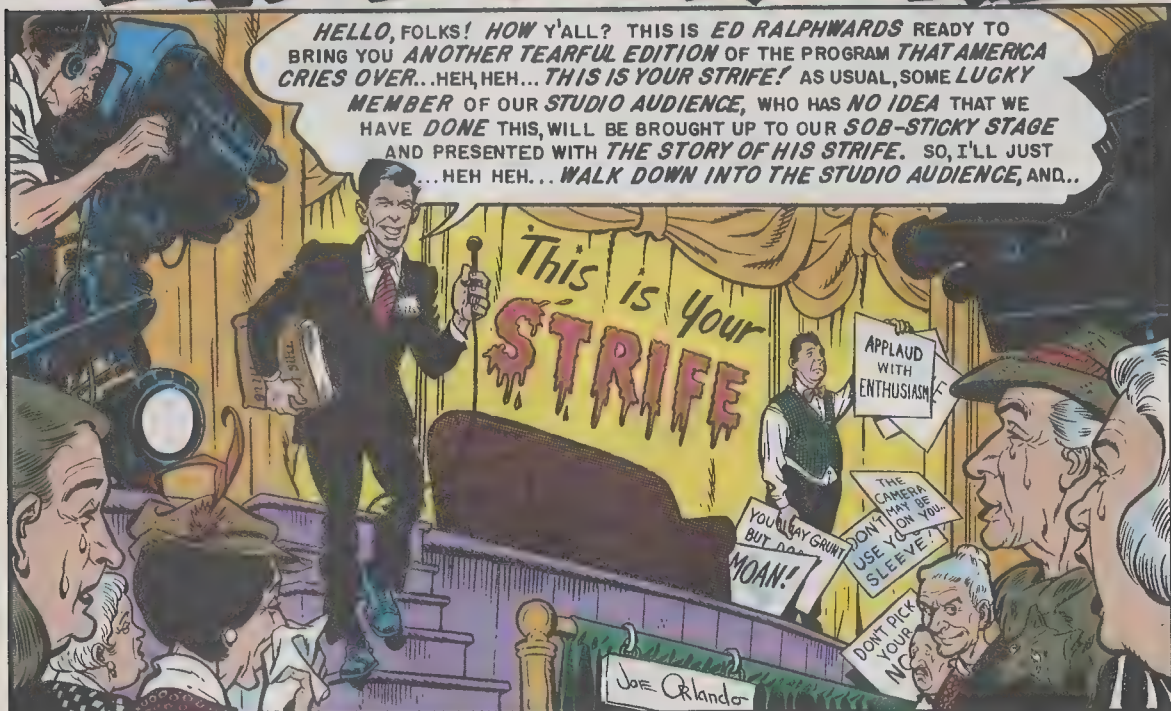
BUT STELLA DIED, NEVER EVEN REALIZING THAT I, *MIKE HAMMER-SHLAMMER* WAS A *WOMAN*...

—THE END—

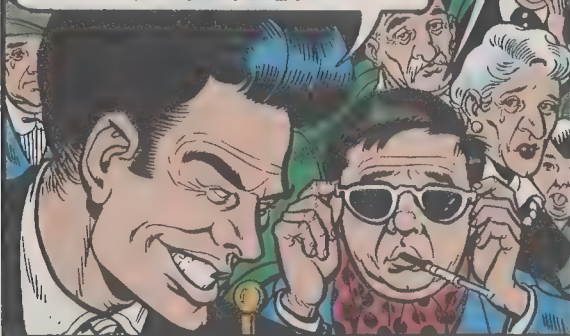
SLOPPY SENTIMENTALISM DEPT.: WHY TWIST THAT RADIO DIAL? WHY FIDDLE WITH THAT T.V. CHANNEL SELECTOR? WHY NOT SEE THE *REAL THING*, INSTEAD? COME TO A TEAR-STAINED NETWORK STUDIO... SIT DOWN IN A TEAR-STAINED SEAT... AND WATCH, IN THE TEAR-STAINED FLESH, THAT HAPPY, JOVIAL, FUN-LOVING MASTER OF CEREMONIES, ED RALPHWARDS, AS HE BRINGS YOU THAT GAY, TOUCHING, SOMETIMES HAPPY, SOMETIMES SAD, BUT ALWAYS NAUSEATINGLY SENTIMENTAL RADIO AND TV. PROGRAM...

THIS IS YOUR STRIFE

HELLO, FOLKS! HOW Y'ALL? THIS IS ED RALPHWARDS READY TO BRING YOU *ANOTHER TEARFUL EDITION* OF THE PROGRAM *THAT AMERICA CRIES OVER*... HEH, HEH... *THIS IS YOUR STRIFE!* AS USUAL, SOME LUCKY MEMBER OF OUR STUDIO AUDIENCE, WHO HAS NO IDEA THAT WE HAVE DONE THIS, WILL BE BROUGHT UP TO OUR SOB-STICKY STAGE AND PRESENTED WITH *THE STORY OF HIS STRIFE*. SO, I'LL JUST... HEH HEH... WALK DOWN INTO THE STUDIO AUDIENCE, AND...



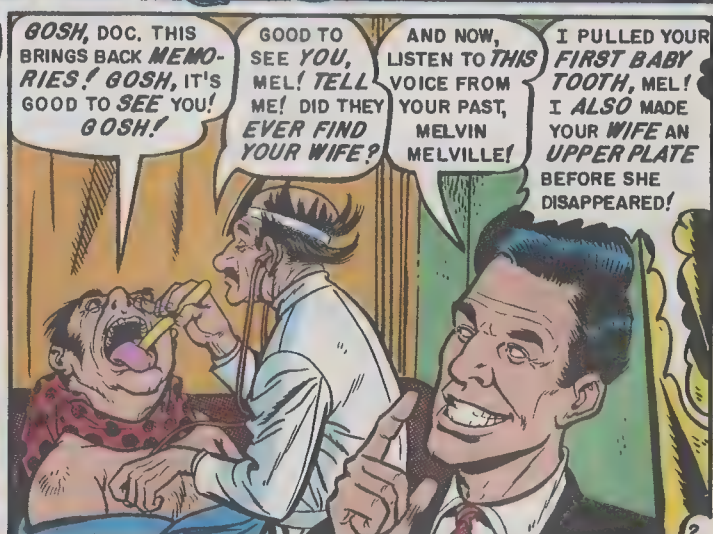
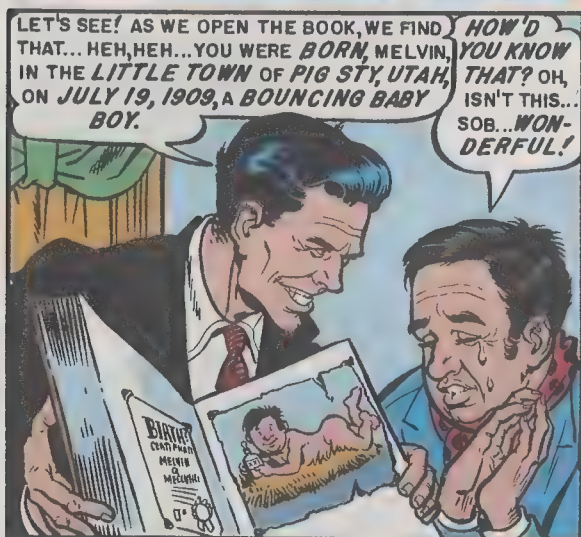
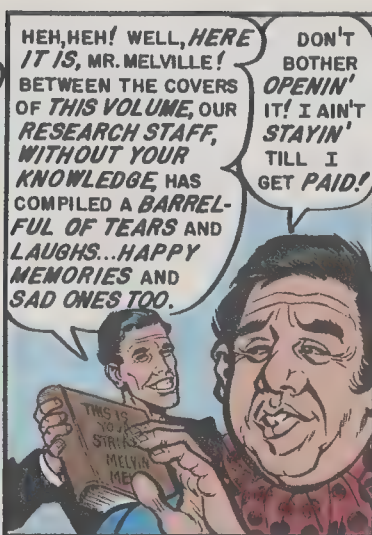
... AS I LOOK AROUND THE STUDIO AUDIENCE, SO FOLKS, I SPOT A FAMILIAR FACE... A WHERE'S MY CHECK? FACE ALL AMERICA LOVES... THAT UPSTANDING CITIZEN... THAT HONEST, PERSEVERING, LOVABLE STAR OF STAGE AND SCREEN, WHO HAS ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA THAT WE HAVE DONE THIS, MR. MELVIN MELVILLE!

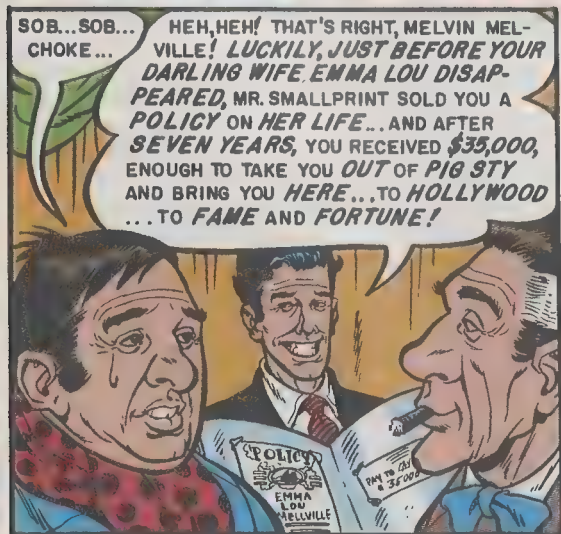
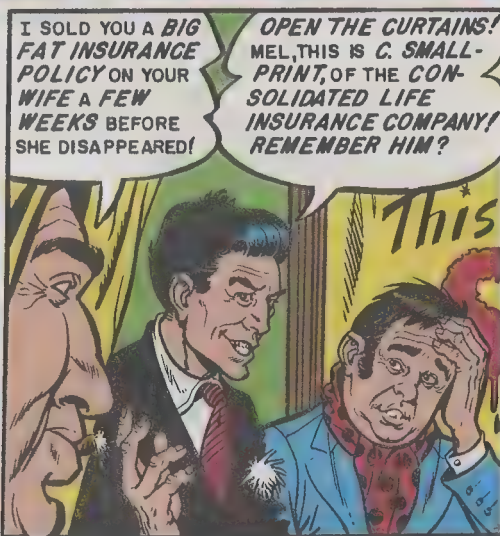
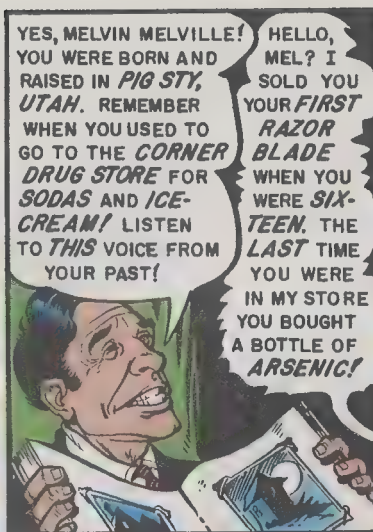


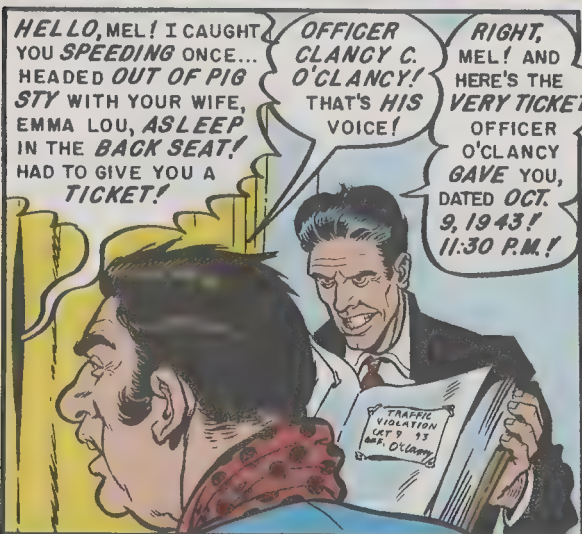
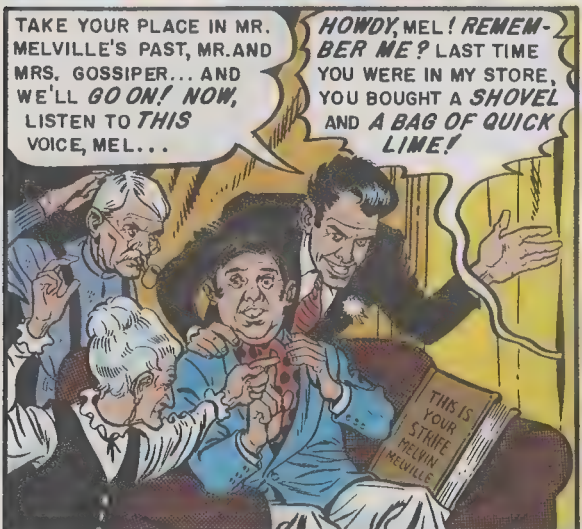
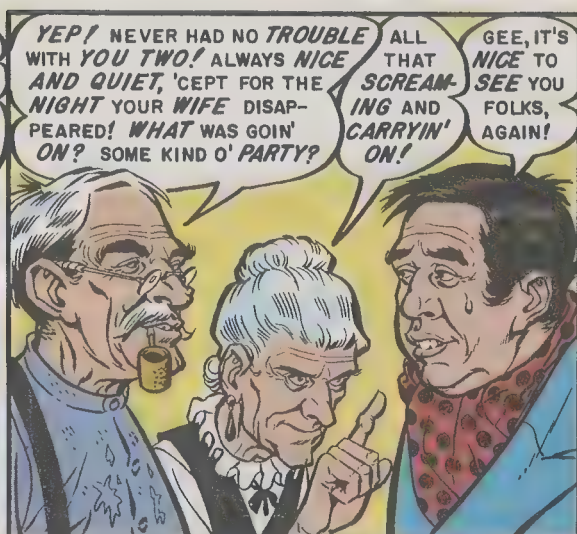
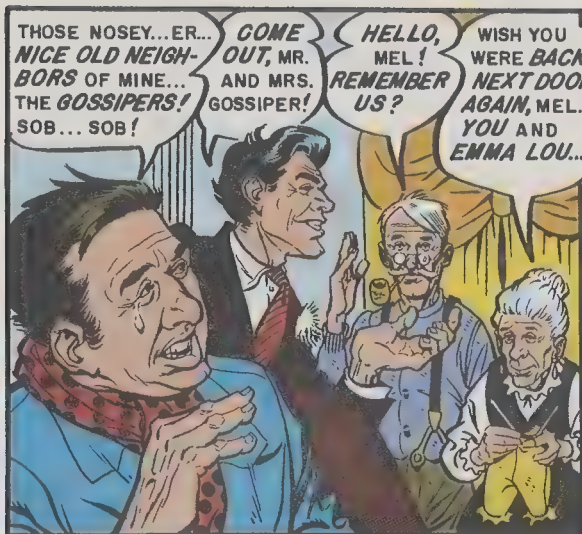
AND NOW, IF YOU FOLLOW ME, MR. MELVILLE, UP TO THE STAGE... (LATER, IDIOT!)... AND SIT DOWN ON THAT SOFA THERE, WE'LL BEGIN...

NOT LATER, CHUM! NOW! I WANT MY CHECK NOW!

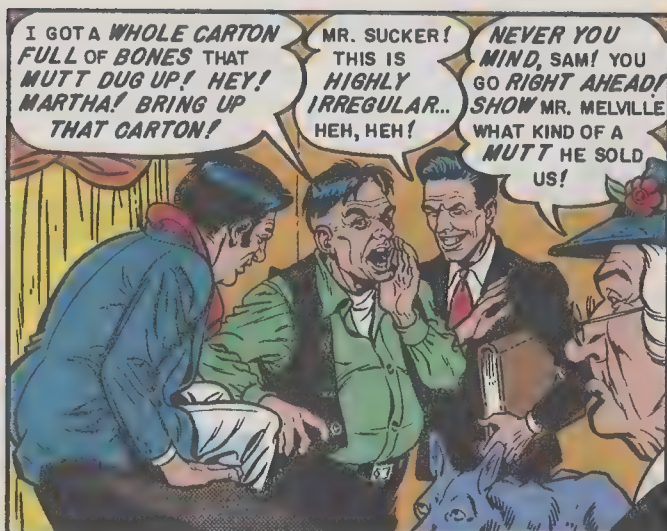


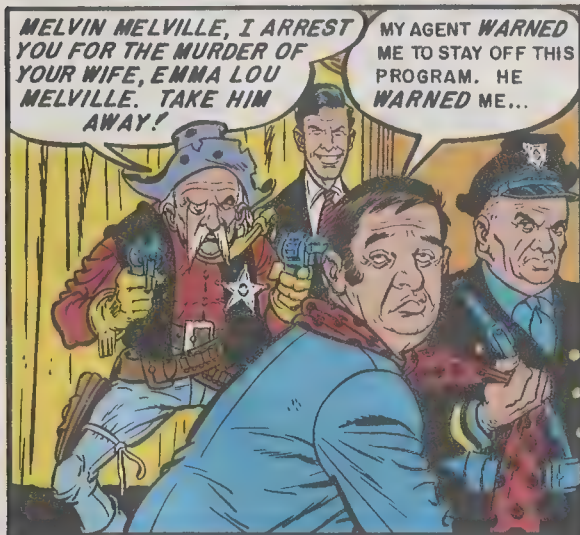
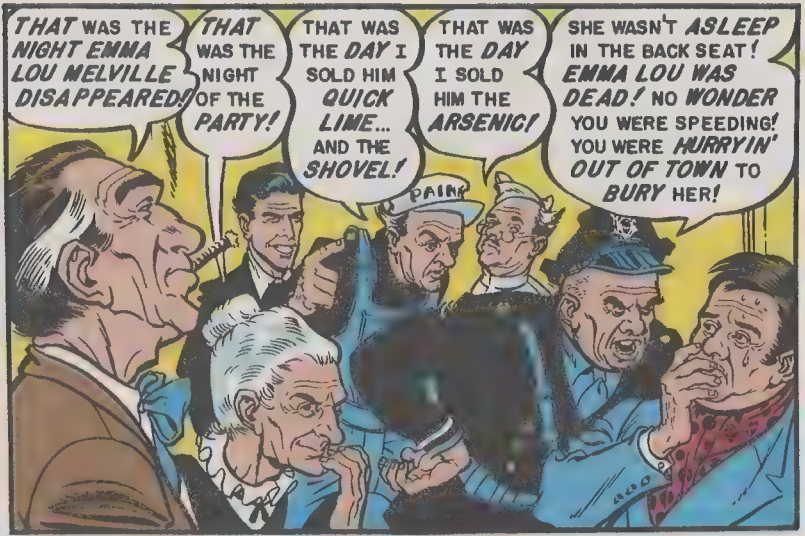
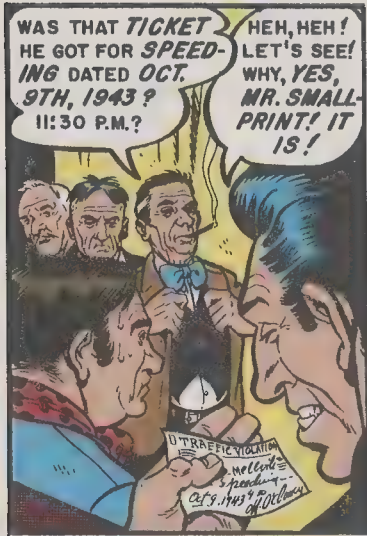












As a public service, PANIC reprints for its readers one of the many syndicated daily newspaper columns dedicated to the task of making our world a happier one in which to live.

How To Face Life Without Going Off The Deep End

By Dr. Alicia K. Fruglcnocker, Ph.D., M.A., L.S., & M.F.T.

Hello, all you neurotic readers. Today, our first letter comes from a teen-ager. Read the problem of this poor miserable high school girl.

Dear Dr. Fruglcnocker,

I am ready to kill myself. I cannot bear to go on living. There is nothing left in life for me. My father is a drunkard. My mother beats me. My brother takes numbers. Last night was the last straw. My father came home drunk as usual and stumbled into the living room, upsetting my Scrabble board just as I was ready to form a seven letter bonus word with two triple letters and a double score. What is your advice?

Frustrated J.B.

Dear Miss Frustrated,

Your basic difficulty is best termed as a "psychological conflagration between mother hate and father preservation" (in alcohol). The solution to your problem lies in sawing the nose off an .88 and taking it a little below the belly-button where it goes in clean and comes out like a flying saucer leaving a hole big enough to put your fist through.

Dear Dr. Fruglcnocker,

I am a girl, 18, and very pretty. I live with my sister who is married to a handsome truck driver who hauls empty beer kegs between Cleveland and Cincinnati overnight. Ever since I came to live with them, my sister's husband has been asking me to keep him company on those long overnight hauls. I have consistantly re-

fused. I can't stand the smell of stale beer. Am I doing right?

Perplexed

Dear Perplexed,

Your problem is not a psychosomatic allergy to beer odors as you would have yourself believe. I am sure that under competent analysis (my office hours are 9 to 5) it will be clearly demonstrated that your subconscious mind is fighting your sister's husband's invitations. You are obviously suffering from an acute guilt complex, born of many years of close family ties, which precludes you from taking such a fatal step. Perhaps, with competent help, you can develop a taste for beer. (My fee is \$10 per half hour on the regular couch, \$15 on foam rubber.)

In closing, may I just add that if any of you have any dire emotional problems that you are incapable of handling yourselves and you want to afford yourself the opportunity of receiving my expert aid, just write me. I will publish your problem in my column together with my answer and you will be no better off than when you started. There is no charge for this service and, except for a small blackmail fee payable to me from time to time, your identity will be held in the strictest of confidence.

My thought for today is an extract from the writings of the father of modern mental science, Dr. L. Ron Lobotomy, who said, "Anybody who consults a Psychiatrist these days is out of his mind."



President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Pictured above are the two leading lights of PANIC, Al Feldstein (editor, writer and cover artist) and Bill Gaines (publisher). Al is now happily retired, Bill died a short time back, but it's our plan to reunite them in this column header every ninety days as we like to remember them— young talented comic book men doing better work then than it was worth doing!

PANIC was Bill Gaines' first funny funny book, but the second into print (MAD beat it by sixteen months). From the start it was Al who gave PANIC its particular slant. We sometimes think Harvey Kurtzman's MAD was to PANIC as Fred Astaire was to Gene Kelly.

This column will also try to keep up with any old SHOCK business, as PANIC has replaced that title (its run is completed, all back issues available!) in the lineup.

After reading the "Special Editorial" in SHOCK #18, I felt compelled to send in this bit of information.

In November 1957, a real life ghoul named Edward Gein was arrested in Plainfield, Wisconsin. A small town with a population at that time of 642.

The following information comes from "Crimes and Punishment: The Illustrated Crime Encyclopedia," vol. 24, H.S. Stuttman publishers: "When police broke into Gein's farmhouse, amid the real horror they found stacks of 'pulp' horror and pornographic magazines and books. It immediately struck them that this subject matter had come to life in Gein's living room.

"To begin with, there were boxes full of comics with titles like Tales from the Crypt and Vault of Horror, plus 'true-life' detective comics illustrating murders in garish colour."

"Magazines like Shock, whose stories dwelt lovingly on torture, may well have inspired Gein in his gruesome task."

Oh, what Dr. Wertham would have done with this info a few years earlier. I just thought you might find it interesting.

Darren B. Golay

Stillwater, OK

Gein was the inspiration for PSYCHO, as your reference pointed out; also for THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.

SHOCK #18 was not disappointing. It had nothing but frightening stories that brought goosebumps running down my arms! Your story called "Cadillac Fever!" was great. Here we have a guy who is obsessed [with] riding in a Cadillac and finally gets his chance. Never ask for something, or you just might get it! All of the old EC stories really bring back a lot of good memories. I guess since Halloween is coming up, everyone at Gemstone is ready to curl up with a good ol' scary EC tale and get SCARED! I know I will reminisce of my times with flashlight in hand, some popcorn nearby, late at night and reading a

good EC comic underneath my bedsheets. Ahh, heck, maybe late Halloween night, I'll do the same thing! You have permission to publish my full address.

Paul Dale Roberts

60 Parkshore CIR
Sacramento, CA 95831

Thanks for announcing PANIC as the replacement for SHOCK. I am pretty certain that I had PANIC #1 at one time, but I presume it is one of the comics which did not make it through years in my aunt's basement.

Thanks also for finally making it clear what your plans are for the EC's. I had been confused by the fact that CRYPT clearly ran a total of 20 issues, but the other runs all came out to less. I would repeatedly add comics in the post-Code group to the announced runs, and I could never get all combinations even close to 29 or 30 issues.

It will be great to hear from you through March 2000. Even better, April 2000, the month after your completion, will be the 50th anniversary of the first New Trend comic. May I last that long! Happy new millennium and thanks!

Bob La Tremouille

875 Massachusetts AV/STE 31
Cambridge, MA 02139

I've been an EC fan/collector for about fifteen years, but I've never read a single issue of PANIC! Being an EC fan, and a humor cartoonist myself, I was very happy to learn that PANIC will be reprinted in the color 32-page format. Al Feldstein's creative and outrageous sense of humor is evident throughout all the EC material he scripted, so I'm sure that PANIC is bound to be loaded with some very funny stuff.

Rick Olson

Minneapolis, MN

Also available this month are CRYPT and WEIRD SCIENCE! Watch for VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED next month. Don't forget HAUNT, FRONTLINE COMBAT and CRIME. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)!

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, sold out; FRONT #1-4, \$2 each; all others up thru issue #3, \$1.50 each. CRYPT, W SCI & SHOCK #4-16, and VAULT, W FAN, 2FIST, HAUNT and CRIME #4-15, \$2 each. All others, \$2.50 each. Don't forget the entire 11-issue run of WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY/ INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION! Add \$5 per order (\$10 outside US) for S&H.

We want MORE letters! Write to:

SHOCK
GEMSTONE
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WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
PANIC #1 (FEB/MAR 1954)

COVER by Al Feldstein

"My Gun is the Jury!"

"This is Your Strife"

"Little Red Riding Hood"

"The Night Before Christmas"

Jack Davis

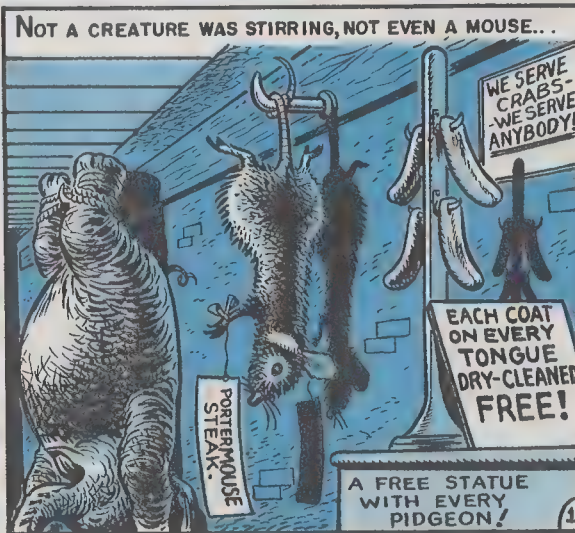
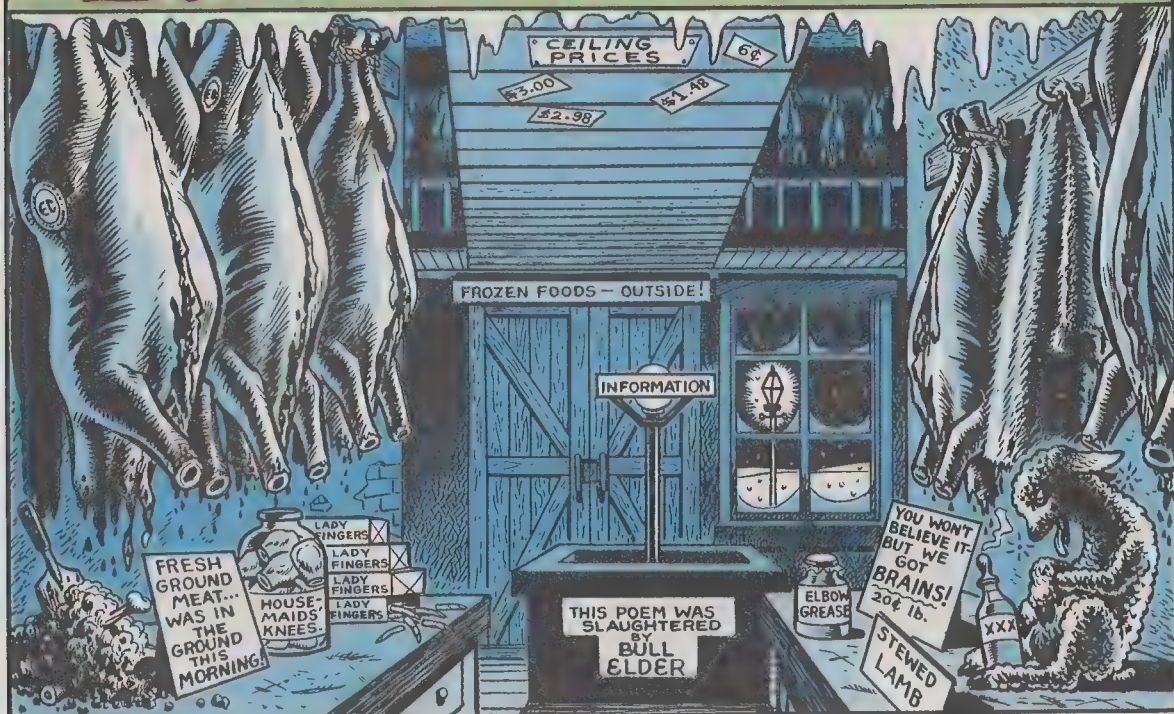
Joe Orlando

Jack Kamen

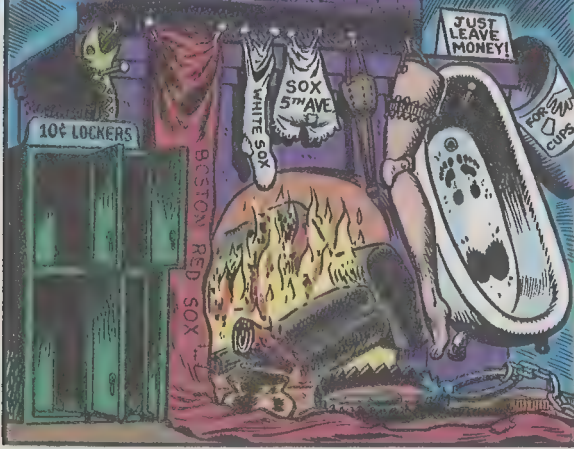
Bill Elder

POETRY DEPT.: SEASONAL DIVISION: HEAR THE BELLS, KIDDIES? THE TINKLING OF *TINSEL*? THE *CAROLS* ECHOING IN THE COLD NIGHT? YEP! IT'S THE *XMAS* SEASON AGAIN. IT MEANS *RIBBONS* AND GAY *WRAPPINGS* AND *PRESENTS* FOR *EVERYBODY*... AND *BILLS FROM* EVERYBODY. AND IT MEANS YOU'LL BE HEARING THAT *POEM* AGAIN... *OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN*, TILL YOU CAN *SCREAM*... THAT PERENNIAL FAVORITE...

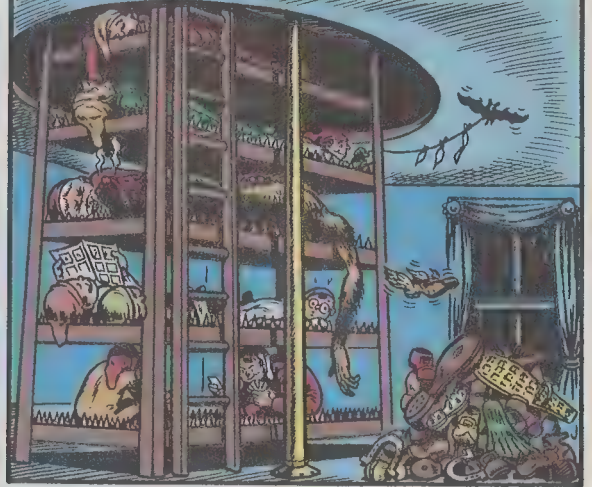
The Night Before Christmas



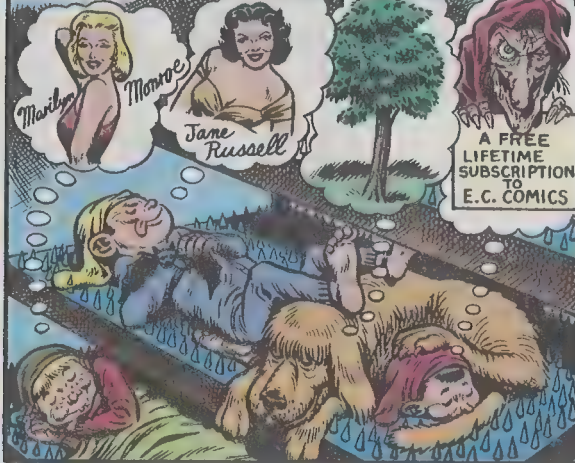
THE STOCKINGS WERE HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY WITH CARE,
IN HOPES THAT SAINT NICHOLAS SOON WOULD BE
THERE...



THE CHILDREN WERE NESTLED ALL SNUG IN THEIR BEDS,



WHILE VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS DANCED IN THEIR
HEADS...



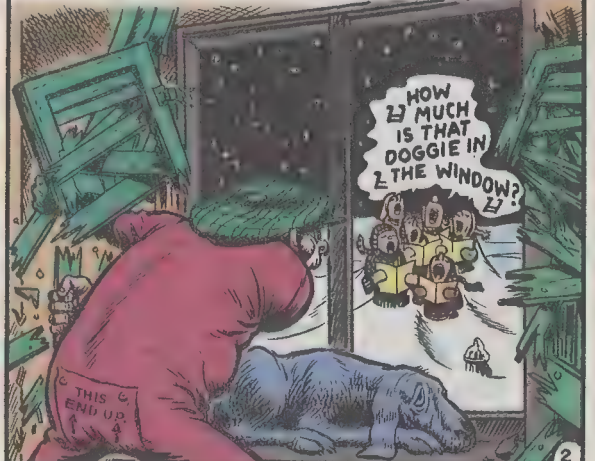
AND MAMMA IN HER KERCHIEF AND I IN MY CAP,
HAD JUST SETTLED DOWN TO A LONG WINTER'S NAP...



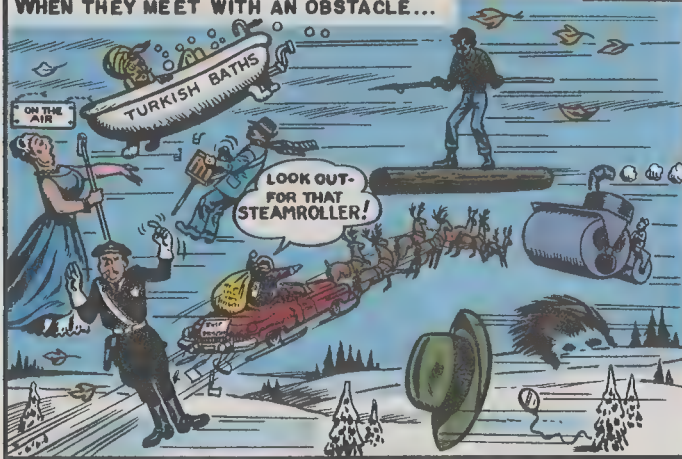
WHEN OUT ON THE LAWN THERE AROSE SUCH A
CLATTER,
I SPRANG FROM MY BED TO SEE WHAT WAS THE
MATTER...



AWAY TO THE WINDOW I FLEW LIKE A FLASH,
TORE OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND THREW UP THE SASH...



AS DRY LEAVES THAT BEFORE THE WILD HURRICANE
FLY
WHEN THEY MEET WITH AN OBSTACLE...



... MOUNT TO THE SKY,



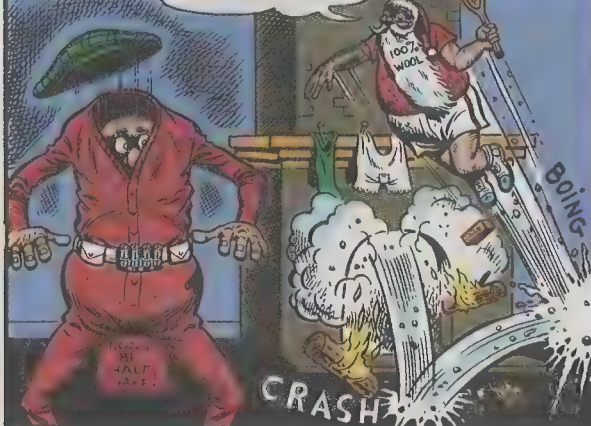
SO UP TO THE HOUSE-TOP THE COURSERS THEY FLEW
WITH A SLEIGH FULL OF TOYS AND ST. NICHOLAS, TOO...



AND THEN IN A TWINKLE, I HEARD ON THE ROOF
THE PRANCING AND PAWING OF EACH LITTLE HOOF...



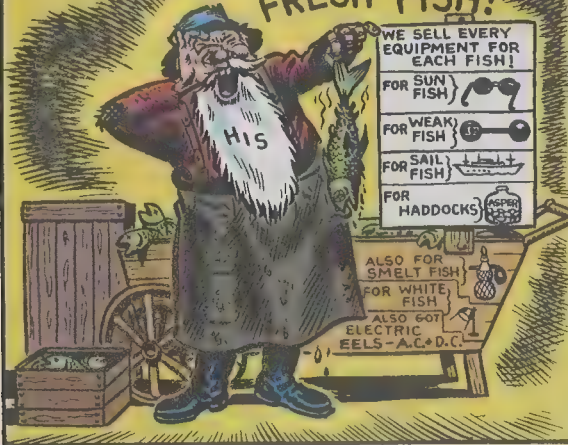
AS I DREW IN MY HEAD, AND WAS TURNING AROUND,
DOWN THE CHIMNEY ST. NICHOLAS CAME WITH A BOUND...
TENNIS, ANYONE?



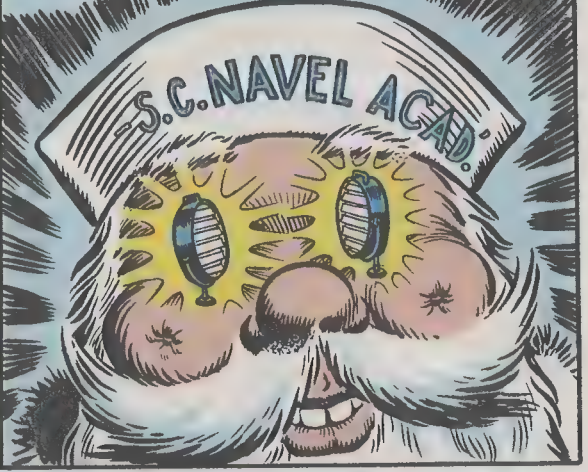
HE WAS DRESSED ALL IN FUR, FROM HIS HEAD TO HIS
FOOT,
AND HIS CLOTHES WERE ALL TARNISHED WITH ASHES
AND SOOT;



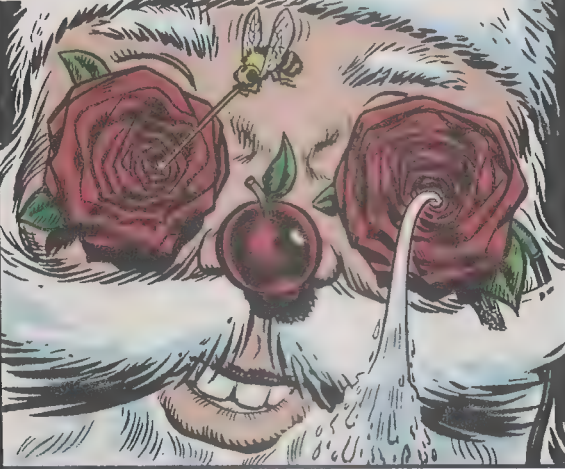
A BUNDLE OF TOYS HE HAD FLUNG ON HIS BACK,
AND HE LOOKED LIKE A PEDDLER JUST OPENING HIS
PACK...



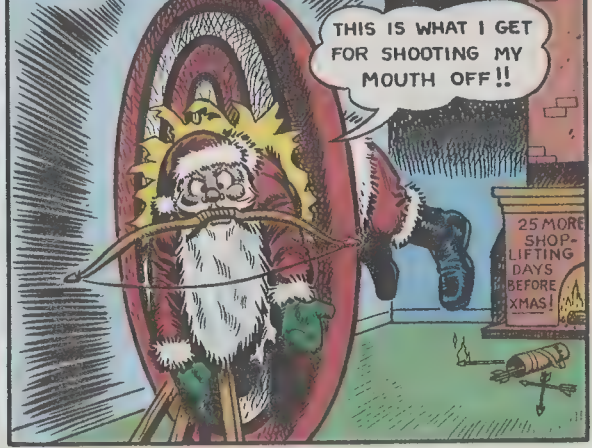
HIS EYES HOW THEY TWINKLED! HIS DIMPLES HOW
MERRY!



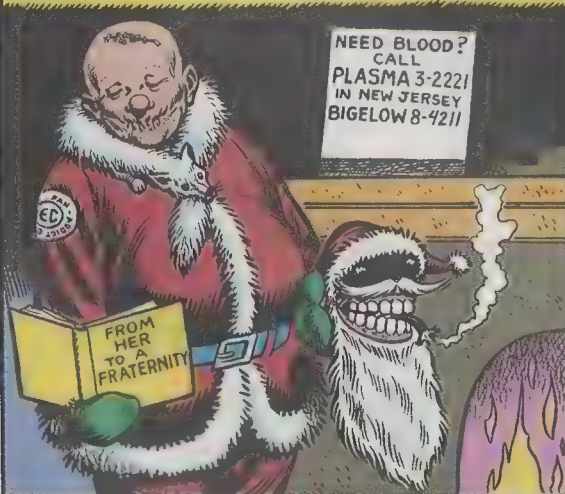
HIS CHEEKS WERE LIKE ROSES, HIS NOSE LIKE A
CHERRY...



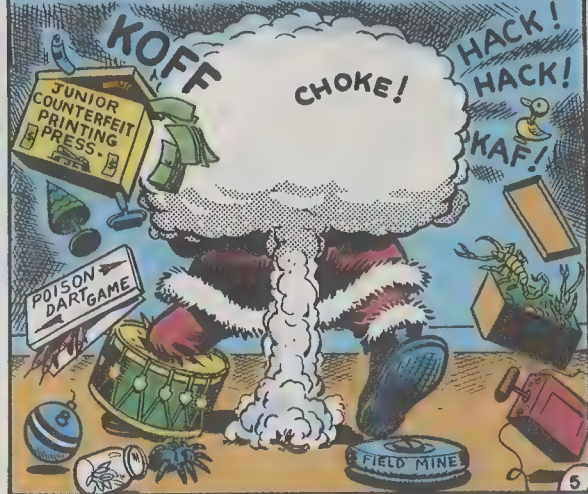
HIS DROLL LITTLE MOUTH WAS DRAWN UP LIKE A BOW,
AND THE BEARD ON HIS CHIN WAS AS WHITE AS THE
SNOW...



THE STUMP OF A PIPE HE HELD TIGHT IN HIS TEETH.



AND THE SMOKE, IT ENCIRCLED HIS HEAD LIKE A WREATH



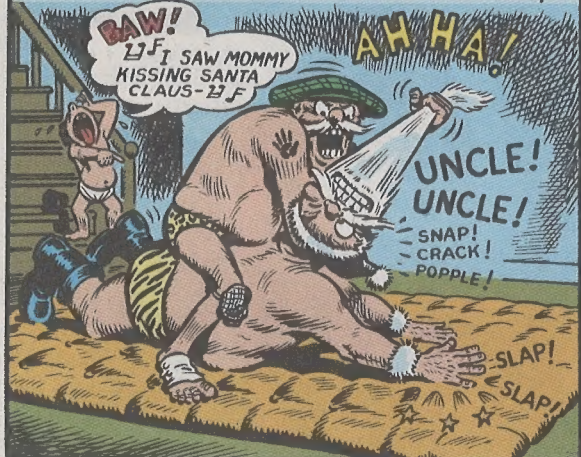
HE HAD A BROAD FACE AND A LITTLE ROUND BELLY
THAT SHOOK WHEN HE LAUGHED, LIKE A BOWL FULL
OF JELLY...



HE WAS CHUBBY AND PLUMP, A RIGHT JOLLY OLD ELF.
AND I LAUGHED WHEN I SAW HIM, IN SPITE OF MYSELF..



A WINK OF HIS EYE AND A TWIST OF HIS HEAD,
SOON GAVE ME TO KNOW I HAD NOTHING TO DREAD;



HE SPOKE NOT A WORD, BUT WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS
WORK,
AND FILLED ALL THE STOCKINGS; THEN TURNED WITH
A JERK.



AND LAYING HIS FINGER ASIDE OF HIS NOSE,
AND GIVING A NOD, UP THE CHIMNEY HE ROSE...

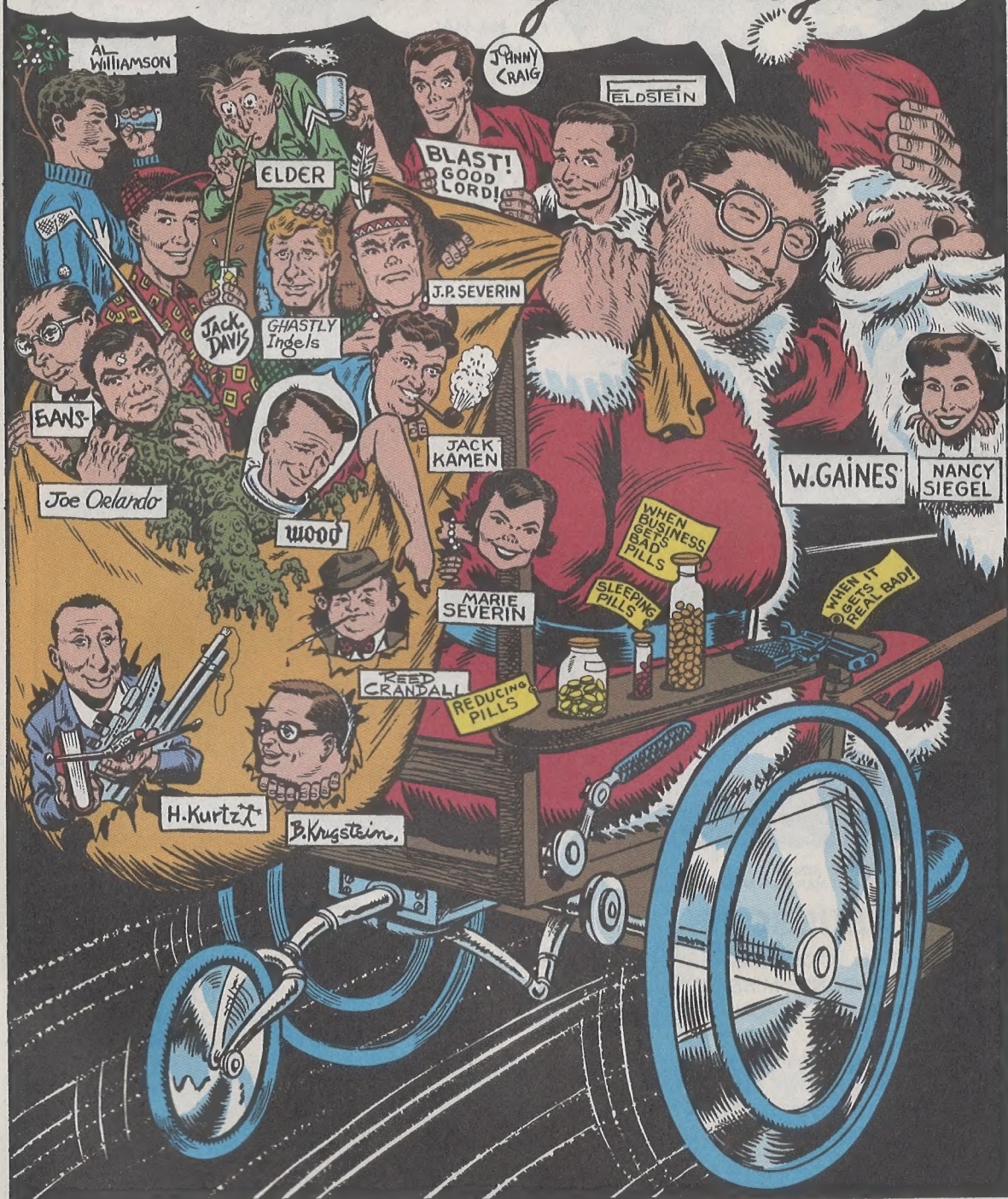


HE SPRANG TO HIS SLEIGH, TO HIS TEAM GAVE A WHISTLE,
AND AWAY THEY ALL FLEW LIKE THE DOWN ON A THISTLE...



BUT I HEARD HIM EXCLAIM AS HE DROVE OUT OF SIGHT...

"Merry Christmas to
all and to all a Good Night."





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